THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HENRY DEACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1651.

Choice Poetry.

TRUE FREEDOM. AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

I.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For Liberty to see;
We want no blare of murderous gun.
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are pruned words,
The steel our mother-pearl;
We're won each victorious before,
And so we shall again.

II.

We love no triumphs spring of force—
They ruin her brightest crown;
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain.
True thoughts have never cost the world before,
And so they shall again.

III.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause and one;
We ask the cry, "Slavery!"
We keep the march of Time.
And we grasp now as we ever grasp
Our weapons to chime;
We're won whenever truth and belief,
And so we shall again.

IV.

We want no sell of barrenside
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong
Calm words, great thoughts, wherewith to fight,
And hearts as true as they,
They've won our battles more a time,
And so they shall again.

V.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
These are our arms;
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their weapons rust.
We redeem a groans shall land our cause,
No blood is necessary;
We're won without earth and before,
And so we shall again.

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,
Author of "Bride of the Prairie Flower," "Female Spy," "Rosalie De Pont," etc., etc., etc.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE FIELD OF PALO ALTO.

The day following our arrival at Point Isabel, was one of general bustle in the Camp. The report of Walker, that the enemy was encamped in great numbers between Point Isabel and the Rio Grande Fort, as it was at this time called, lent many one to anticipate a general battle on the morrow or Taylor, which he had decided on, and which was to be the action: but coolheaded reasoning that the present was an emergency—that it was not to be expected that all the world would arouse against the enemy were needed—and that if we felt disposed to take part in the battle, we must remain in the Camp.

The next day, the seventh of May, General Taylor issued marching orders, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the whole army, a little over three thousand men, was put in motion, with a large train of provisions and munitions of war. We proceeded some five or six miles on the road to Matamoras, and encamped for the night! Alas! the last night preceding the awful night of death which many a poor fellow, the bayonet with hope and glorious anticipations of victory—soundest to rest. The morrow—the eventful morrow!

Before the break of day the Rangers were in motion, and we set out in advance of the army, with some to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, we did not wish to enter into the battle ranks, we found it deserted. This looked as if we were not intending to give us battle; and we returned and made the report to General Taylor.

A little after sunrise the army and train were in motion, while we again set off in advance, being detailed to scouts. Before noon we came in sight of the enemy, and saw that they were drawn up directly across the road, and whose right, extending some mile and a half, gave him the advantage of position. We watched their movements for a time, but as nothing of importance was occurring, we turned back, met our General, and reported accordingly.

About noon the two armies came in sight of each other. Taylor's forces were at this time, as a whole, level plain, not a tree or shrub to mar, cold water. In front was a row of dwarf-trees, which the Mexicans had commandeered for their use; and beyond these, the bright outlines of the fort could be faintly discerned, their polished bayonets glittering and flashing in the rising sun-beams. Here our considerate General ordered a halt, that the troops might eat, and then, half at a time, fill their canteens at the pond—after which he assembled them to rest an hour.

Rest! I can assure you, though it may seem, there no dismal gaze on the brilliant victory of Palo Alto, for the troops had marched twelve miles, and were fatigued, and sufficient unto the day was of water, and were greatly fatigued; and then, to add to the fatigue, the sun poured down only on coming in sight of the enemy, I do not think they could have withstood, for hours, its vigorous rays on the open field.

As soon as the men had sufficiently rested, the advance were formed, and the order to march was given, and with short, firm, martial tread, the whole force moved, with the positions of a single shell, over the open field before the enemy, which gave back no sound.

Fraser was the solid memento to try the nerves of the bravest. Silently, but surely, they were approaching an overwhelming foe, and knew that in a few minutes, at the farthest, the terrible carnage of battle would begin, and that death, riding on the iron ball of belching cannon, would be busy in their midst. Now they had time to think—to reflect—to see, as it were, the danger upon which they were advancing; and if their cheeks paled, their hearts beat bolder, and they felt that their limbs were growing too weak to support them, it was no proof that they lacked courage, but only showed how nature instinctively shrinks from inactivity meeting the grim King of Terrors. To perform daring and valorous feats amid the smoke and carnage and roar of battle, is nothing; but to march slowly, deliberately, up to the death-dealing engines of war, while a breathless silence prevails, which, when next broken, may be the signal of your transit to another world, will try the nerves of the hero of a hundred battles.

When about seven hundred yards divided us from the advance of the Mexicans, they opened a heavy fire from their batteries on the right. The moment they did so, General Taylor sprung his ranger along his van, gave orders to have it deployed into line, and exhorted the men to be firm, and prove themselves true descendants of the heroes of other fields. At the same time the artillery received instructions to return the enemy's fire; and then all minor sounds were drowned in the roar of these mighty engines of death. The battle had truly begun.

It is not my intention to describe the fierce engagements of the eighth and ninth of May—the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Other pens, abler than mine, have already done justice to the gallant spirits who there fought, and bled, and won immortal renown in two of the most brilliant victories on record: and to these vivid descriptions I must refer all who may be curious to read my personal adventures.

When the action began, the Texas Rangers, with a squadron of dragoons, occupied an advanced position on the right; but soon after we fell back, and took a position on the extreme right, where we could render service. We were not long kept idle. A body of lancers made a demonstration as if to outflank us and seize our batteries: perceiving which, Walker gave the command—

"Forward! charge!"

Away we flew, the earth trembling under us; and soon friends and foes were mingled in fierce and bloody conflict. Shouts, shrieks, shouts, the clash of steel and report of fire-arms, made a horrid din.

From this moment we knew no rest. Charge on charge was continually made, in different directions, the Mexicans, as I believe, were, by the day was won, the Rangers passed over every portion of the field, in search of anything of stores to be first upon the foe; and valiantly did we all do our duty. But none could outdo our gallant Captain Walker, who was ever there foremost; and when I saw the activity he displayed, the power and rapidity of his blows, his daring, and his unequaled skill in horsemanship—while his thin nostrils seemed to expand like those of a war-horse when on the battle field, his eyes, lately so cold and dull, flashed and glowed like coals of fire, and his whole face wondered that his name was a word of terror to his foes.

The sun was drawing near the verge of the horizon, and yet the battle was raging as fierce. To us now, and upon a point where the heaviest victory would yet perch. Side by side Walker and I had charged and fought unharmed, while many a saddle of our gallant troop had been vacated, and more than one horse and rider had fallen to rise no more. We were upon the most pressing on the left wing or our army, striving to get a view of the enemy's masses, even through the smoke and dust, when I saw, that, now to the very heavens, and from out dark canes that were between us and the Fort, arose a dense column of smoke, and shouts, and cheers, and the roar of artillery, told us of some wonderful blessedly wide. Suddenly Walker turned in his saddle, and pointing to a small body of horsemen, hastily moving in the rear of the enemy's right, cried—

"Yonder is Bennett Fraser and his accursed band of Guerrillas. We must annihilate them! Forward! charge!"

Under him he hurled the vessels in his own high mettled steed, we followed his example, and the next moment the earth seemed flying from our feet beneath the strides of our horses—one thing it has taken me to record the fact, but, when I felt upon the face of the thundering avalanche, straight upon the foe. He saw us just in time to meet us in full career; and, with a yell of defiance, with a terrible shock and balls whizzed, steel clashed, and men like enraged wolves in the struggle of death.

Suddenly I felt my horse sinking under me, and I made a hasty effort to leap from his back. But my feet became entangled in the stirrup, and ere I could extricate myself, the animal fell, struck the earth heavily, and rolled over upon my imprisoned limb. I shrieked with a pain too intense for sensitive nature to bear, and I instantly knew that all my military glory was closed around me.

When I next opened my eyes, the shades of evening night were stealing over the earth, and objects at a distance were just growing dim and indistinct. The battle was over! The victory—the smoke of battle was clearing away—but again desperate ere of my senses. I made an effort to extricate myself, but oh! pen, and tongue are inadequate to describe the terrible agony it caused me! and I soon fell back exhausted, utterly unable to act. The moment my eyes fell upon them, I gave vent to my feelings in a loud cry of joy. Hurrah! I was the first to reach my side, and seizing my hand, while his eyes filled with tears that he seemed struggling to repress, he said, in a voice half-choked with emotion—

"Ah! Harry, Harry, was it kind, was it like especially upon them, however. The Colonel—

"Perhaps I did wrong, Morton—but—"

"There, there, Mr. Walton—that will do," interrupted the Colonel, seizing my other hand, and speaking in a warm, frank, off-handed manner—"let Pale Alice say the rest. By Jove, I see you are a young man of true spirit, and I like you the better for it—at your age I would have done the same. Come, Clara, what say you?"

Clara had approached timidly, and stood behind her father while he was speaking; and it was not till he stopped aside, as he appealed to her, that I caught a full view of her features. Her lovely face was now crimson with blushes, and she seemed greatly confused and embarrassed. For a moment her soft blue eye rested anxiously and tenderly upon mine, and then a tear or sympathy glistened in it, and she gave me to the ground.

"I think I am, too well, Clara? and that I shall find you willing to forgive me for deserting my best friends in the manner I did?"

"I—I—I am sure, Harry," she stammered forth confusion; and as I caught a view of her downcast eyes, and though they had indeed, replied, in low, sweet accents, that fell upon my ear like music—

"Then nothing to forgive to one who more than once perilled his life to save mine." And then, after a slight pause, added—"If you really did wrong in leaving your friends, your awful sufferings would atone for the greater error. I hope we shall just dwell—Mr. Walton?"

I took her hand, and holding it in mine, with a gentle pressure, looked meaningly into her sweet face, and, with pointed emphasis, replied—

"I am better now, Clara." Then perceiving she was unconsciously agitated, I turned quickly to the Colonel, and exclaimed—"But Walker —where is he? I hope no harm has befallen him."

The Rangers were in motion, and the army was in motion, and I made a hasty effort to leap from his back. Alas! I was not destined to such an escape, for one I still extricate myself, the animal fell, struck the earth heavily, and rolled over upon my imprisoned limb. I shrieked with a pain too intense for sensitive nature to bear, and I instantly knew that all my military glory was closed around me.

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Foreign Letter.

PHILADELPHIA.

AS IT APPEARED TO A GERMAN TRAVELLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The visitors of the Post who have read my letter in Great Britain, may think the transition to a quiet little city in Germany (Gottingen), inhabited only on account of the University, with its dueling students, and its Simon Pure old-fashioned customs, rather too abrupt. But I must confess to a reference to America.—Allthe citizens of the United States," says Q. "are ill, or built upon one and the same model. Whoever has studied one, knows all the rest by heart. They all have wide streets, crossing each other at right angles, numbered, and in one direction, 1st, 2nd, 3rd st., &c., while in the other they have the names of trees, as Poplar, Pine, Mulberry, &c. Besides these, in every city there is a Broad Street, and a Market Street. Philadelphia is the metropolis, as to the type of an American city. It is, moreover, interesting to the student of the *largest* city in the United States, containing *over half a million* of inhabitants, a few thousands more than New York." Probably the New York brethren will not rest satisfied with the second place in the Union.

The following paragraph will be news to the commercial community: "The Delaware river forms the harbor, or more properly, the wharf, of Philadelphia. Though the city is one hour, and not seventy-five miles from the sea, the largest ships from all parts of the world arrive here. It is only within a short time that the connection with the ocean became considerable by the establishment of a new line of packets to Bremen."

This elucidation of the population will excite great attention. I hope our Arch Street and Cherry Street "Friends" will not be at a loss at the company in which they are planted.—The population of eighty thousand Germans,—the rest are principally *Quakers, needle-case Anglers, and negroes.* Most of the physicians, druggists and musicians are of German origin. Ships and article being to our countrymen. Among the first, only three natives of this state site themselves to the use of Hunding. By far the most distinguished business men here," he says, "are the sugar bear boiler Claus Spreckels, the son of a sche-inkeeper in the neighborhood of Nienburg, has a reputation all over the country. He emigrated to the country seventeen years ago, and at first brewed his beer in a cellar. Now he is one of the richest and most respected Germans in Philadelphia. Lager beer and sauerkraut are used days agreeable more and more every year by the Yankees, while the ale and porter breweries are continually increasing."

The following description of the Society of *Friends* exhibits many hitherto unknown features: "The second important class of the population of Philadelphia are the Quakers—a peaceful, good people, who do harm to no one, and who, rather than kill the most annoying fly, will endeavor, with soothing gestures, to catch it and put it out of the window. They wear low, broad-brimmed hats, talking them off only while in church. They salute each other in a friendly manner, never uttering the quiet composure of their countenance, not the gentle tone of their voice. The women all dress after an old Franconian fashion of the last century, in narrow dresses, with bonnets, shawls, aprons and cloaks of the same color. Within a few years past, however, some of the gentle Quakeresses have permitted themselves to depart from the ancient fashion. However, all the Quakers have the virtue of being rich, and valuable citizens. They live almost exclusively in the finest street in the city, and in many people.—In almost all day as lifeless as a German high-way after midnight."

The reader may be disposed to think that his description of needles and beaten bergmen is more intimate acquaintance with them than with the class just described. "The third of the preceding classes is composed of the real lords of leaders. Whoever lives for some time in the United States, must either willingly or unwillingly become acquainted with the men, for when he once knows them, he will always remember the figure a person making a poor word under means, properly, a none-master, who rarely significe one who lives upon doing nothing, and upon other people's work. Therefore two classes together form a well-defined body in America against which even the police are powerless. Rowdies and loafers are incarnate Yankees, composed of self-esteem and roughness; their fingers and hands all who are not Americans, and low to comsider in any every foreigner his share. They have a particular costume, of which they are proud, and which they wear everywhere. The shirt-sleeves rolled up, show a red flannel undershirt. Suspenders and cravat are absent. Upon the head, which is distinguished also by a long lock of a particular twist, sits a half-inclined hat, with a wide crape band. Add to this a cigar or the stump of one, and the full picture of a rowdy is complete. He has name in heaven, and he seeks it down on earth, and at first, opportunities to gratify his taste. Work is his weakest side. Putting out fires is considered a function in the most exemplary manner. Innumerable fire companies are to be found in every city. Each one has the engine, often paying eight hundred or one hundred dollars for them. They receive a place to housing them, and are the honorary and paying members of the company. The active and paid members are the rowdies and loafers. When they can devise no other scheme for raising money, they lay in the engine house for a week, and if there is a fire, they are let out in time to show the use of firemen. Any Philadelphia, for example, runs as soon as he hears of any every hour, they have enough to do to run through the streets with the machine, and remain with it to the house. The fire-bells are rung but then a fine chance for their towards amusement, boxing. Sometimes five are regular engagements between rival companies, in which the streets are barricaded, and persons often killed, either with stones, clubs or pistol shot. No police can do nothing to suppress them, a *full third of the whole male population* belongs where it says, "Feel ad thy Guizard."

A man appeared at the City Hall, Boston, on Monday, and, for a consideration, began giving us his antipathies.—Hat, Mose and Cook, coach-driver. He insisted he said, before all of the same business. It takes—all sorts and conditions" to make a world.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE ORIGINAL, EXCEPTING WHERE IT IS EXPRESSLY SO STATED, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance, or $2 50, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We send the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

5 — and one to Agent, or the	$5 00 For Annum.
getter up of the Club,	$10 00 "
15 — and one to Agent, or the	
getter up of the Club,	$15 00 "
20 — and one to Agent, or the	
getter up of the Club,	$20 00 "

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Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of the terms for themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other disinterested and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude "Clara Moreland" in the present number. It is, we believe, the first production of its popular author. We have every reason to believe that it has afforded a great deal of pleasure to our readers.

We have brought it here to allow a week or two to elapse before beginning Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet or

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

This kind of breathing spell, after such a long story. Besides, it will enable us to form a better idea as to the number of new subscribers who will wish to begin with the commencement of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet. It is, we judge, somewhat about the length of Clara Moreland—perhaps a little longer. We have not read it, and therefore cannot speak particularly as to its merits—we trusted everything to Mrs. Lee Hentz's deservedly high reputation.

We need only repeat—for the benefit of strangers who may chance to see this number of the Post—that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, who has well known as the mistress of a household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF ROWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are authorized by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE;

to be published in the course of the Spring and Summer months —including "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France, and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

THE SENATE.

In the Executive Session of the Senate, the political prospects have been the main speeches upon the Central American question, by Messrs. Clayton and Douglas. Mr. Clayton's speech was noted to answering the charges made against him by Gen. Cass and others, and giving a complete history of the relations which Department of State upon that subject. Mr. Douglas dwelt very emphatically upon the fact that the Bay of Islands had been colonized by Great Britain in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine and of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty. He said that the practical question—as to the Belize, Great Britain or the United States—was not worth a straw. But he was for making an issue on these Bay Islands. There we are right and she is wrong; and we should be delighted to have a fair and avowed policy. He argued very forcibly against Great England to join us in opposing her aggression at the affairs of the Isthmus, when we could have had the whole right of passage in our own hands for the construction of his speech was very forcible. He said—

The time had not yet arrived for annexing any more of either Mexico or Central America, but who could say when that time would not be? Fifty years ago the Mississippi was the boundary between the United States and the Pacific. It was not long since that the acquisition of Louisiana was denounced as unconstitutional, and the old Federalists in New England talked of a dissolution of the Union when Louisiana was admitted. Texas, California, and the whole Mexican territory had been annexed to the United States in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine and of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty. He said that the practical question—as to the Belize, Great Britain or the United States—was not worth a straw. But he was for making an issue on these Bay Islands. There we are right and she is wrong; and we should be delighted to have a fair and avowed policy. He argued very forcibly against Great England to join us in opposing her aggression at the affairs of the Isthmus, when we could have had the whole right of passage in our own hands for the construction of his speech was very forcible. He said—

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

ENGLAND AND THE MADIAI

The following letter is published in the English papers:—

LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO SIR HENRY BULWER.

"*Foreign Office, Jan.* 18, 1853.

"Sir—According to the last accounts received from you, the Grand Duke of Tuscany still hesitates on the subject of the Madiai. But this is a matter on which hesitation implies capital punishment. It is the same thing in effect to condemn a man to die by fire like Savonarola; or to put him to death by the slow torture of an unhealthy prison. It seems to be imagined, indeed, by some Governments on the Continent, that if they avoid the spectacle of an execution on the scaffold, they will escape the odium to themselves, and the sympathy for their victims, which attends upon the punishment of death for offences of a political or religious character. But this is an error. It is now well understood that the wasting of the body, the sinking of the spirits, the weakening of the mind, are but additions to the capital punishment which long and close confinement too often involves. If, therefore, as has been lately reported, one of the Madiai were to die in prison, the Grand Duke must expect that throughout Europe he will be considered as having put a human being to death for being a Protestant.

"It will be said, no doubt, that the offence of Francesco Madiai was not that of being a Protestant, but that of endeavoring to seduce others from the Roman Catholic faith; that the Tuscan Government had the most merciful intentions, and meant to have shortened the period of imprisonment allotted by law to his offence; that such offences cannot be permitted to pass unpunished.

"All this, however, will avail very little. Throughout the civilized world this example of religious persecution will excite abhorrence. Nor will it be the least of the reproaches addressed to the Government of the Grand Duke that the name of Leopold of Tuscany has been thus desecrated, and the example of a benevolent Sovereign thus departed from. The peaceful, mild and ingenuous character of the Tuscan people makes this severity the less necessary and the more odious.

"As this is a matter affecting a Tuscan subject, it may be said that Her Majesty's Government have no right to interfere. If this means that interference by force of arms would not be justifiable, I confess at once that nothing but the most extreme case would justify interference. But if it be meant that Her Majesty has not the right to point to a friendly Sovereign the arguments which have prevailed in the most civilized nations against the use of the civil sword to punish religious opinions, I entirely deny the truth of such an allegation.

"You are, therefore, instructed to speak in the most serious tone to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to lay before him all the considerations stated in this despatch. You will do it in the most friendly tone, and take care to assure the Government to which you are accredited that none are more sincere in their wishes for the independence and happiness of Tuscany than the Queen of Great Britain.

"I am, &c., J. RUSSELL."

News Items.—The wild pigeons are beginning to flock the woods in the neighborhood of Trenton, N. J.

Sheridan Knowles.—This well-known author and actor, recently left the stage and became a Baptist clergyman.

Grass in Canals.—The Report of the Canal Commissioners says, that water grass has been found a great obstruction in the navigation of the Ohio Canal.

Iron Turnpike.—A company is being organized at Cincinnati, Ohio, to pave the turnpike from the head of Western Avenue, at Brighton, to Cumminsville, Spring Grove and Carthage, with iron plates.

Another Route Opened.—The Rock Island and Chicago Railroad has been opened from Chicago to Peru. It is said this route will enable passengers from St. Louis to reach New York in three and a half days, instead of five days, as heretofore.

The farmers in Berks county, Pa., are said to be opposed to the erection of the new county of Madison, proposed at the late General Assembly of this State, because they had already far enough to go to Philadelphia market, *without going through another county*.

Potatoes.—This valuable esculent is depreciating, the Mount Holly Mirror says, somewhat in value, and those who held on to large quantities, expecting to obtain more than fifty cents a bushel for them, now find that they have made a great mistake. At numerous vendues recently, potatoes have sold for thirty, thirty-one and thirty-two cents by the quantity.

The West Jerseyman says that the New York speculators are in Burlington county, N. J., contracting for poultry of the "capon" breed, to be delivered in May, at twenty-five cents per pound. Anticipation of a throng in the city during the World's Fair, is the reason of this exorbitant price for poultry.

A Rich Beggar.—The Captain of the Second District Police, New York, has been applied to very frequently by a pitiable-looking object in the shape of a man, for "a night's lodging." The individual pretended to be a cripple, and very poor. The Captain suspecting him to be an impostor, had him examined, and $77 in gold was found upon his person, the proceeds, no doubt, of his trade.

A curious case of alleged kidnapping was under examination at Hamilton, Canada, at ...

POLITICAL NEWS.

Anecdotes.—The Washington correspondent of the Ledger, is responsible for the following:—Without entering on the squabble for office, which is a bootless task under all circumstances, I would merely mention a very good story of Gen. Pierce. A gentleman from Tennessee observed to him that he came from a district which had never held or solicited an office from the General Government. Then said Gen. Pierce, promptly, it is to be hoped that it will never break in on such a beautiful custom. This was rather a puzzler. A gentleman at one of the fashionable hotels having his pocket-book stolen from him, was disconsolate under the infliction in view of the fact that it contained nothing but recommendations for office, which it was impossible for him to procure again from a distance in time to be effective. Judge of his joy when the next day his pocket-book, with all his papers, was returned to him with an apology from the thief stating that he had taken it by mistake, believing it to contain valuables. The owner will probably discover *his* mistake a few weeks hence.

Anti-Liquor Bills.—Wisconsin will probably get no Maine Law this Winter. A majority report has been made against it in the Senate.

Indiana has a moderate Anti-Liquor Bill ordered to a third reading in the House by 53 yeas to 44 nays.

The Death Penalty in Wisconsin.—A bill abolishing the death penalty was ordered to be engrossed in the Assembly, on the 4th instant, by a vote of 46 to 27.

Bank Charters.—The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that Charters to Banks (and of course to all other private companies,) *are not contracts* and may be repealed like any other law, at the pleasure of the Legislature.

The Wheeling Bridge.—We understand that, on the 14th instant, a motion was filed in the Supreme Court of the United States, by the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and the Counsel of the State, asking for an order to the Marshal to execute the decree of the Court, and also for an attachment against the officers, managers and stockholders, for not complying with the decree of the Court. The argument of this motion will bring up the question as to the effect of the Act of Congress declaring the bridge a post road. The day for argument has not yet been assigned by the Court.—*Pittsburg Journal.*

California.—The revision of the California Constitution recommended by Governor John Bigler, in his late message, was referred to a Select Committee, from which three separate reports have been made. The first insists that it is not a revision of the Constitution but an equalization of taxes that is needed. The second opposes both a revision of the Constitution and a division of the State as likely to prove injurious. The third report favors both revision and division.

Col. Benton and the President.—The New York Times has the following version of the interview between these gentlemen:

An amusing story is told of a recent interview between Colonel Benton and President Pierce. The Colonel expressed himself heartily gratified at the result of the election, and very desirous to support the new Administration; but he told the President that he had *one* man in his Cabinet who would make him ridiculous—a "perfect nondescript, sir," said he, "a perfect nondescript—neither one thing nor the other." The General inquired what gentleman of his Cabinet had been so unfortunate as thus to incur his displeasure. The Colonel named Mr. Cushing, and launched out into a repetition of his epithets, which I have given, not exactly in his words, but as nearly so as would be strictly proper; closing by saying, that he was the *only* man on earth who seemed to have been created for the express purpose of being a Tyler man.

The President heard his formidable objurgations to the end, and quietly remarked to the Colonel, that he had been delighted, on reaching Washington, to find so many gentlemen, who were quite indifferent as to his election, exceedingly solicitous concerning the welfare of his Administration.

Whether the story is quite authentic or not, I cannot say; but it comes from a Democratic source. True or not, it is certainly *good*.

Order of Making Appointments.—The general principles upon which appointments are to be made have been definitely settled. From the commencement of the Administration vacancies are to be first filled, and heads of departments appointed; next subordinate offices are to be filled gradually, and not so as to be detrimental to the public business and all to be on the ground of public merit. The Senate have determined to support the President by confirming every appointment.

Massachusetts.—The Convention for revising the Constitution will be largely Anti-Whig. 155 towns foot up Whigs 95; Opposition 148; no choice 13.

New Hampshire.—The New Hampshire State election resulted in the re-election of Governor Martin, (Dem.,) by from 4,000 to 5,000 majority. Three Democratic Congressmen are also elected, defeating Amos Tuck in the First District. There will be a large Democratic majority in the House, and the Senate will probably be unanimously Democratic.

Appointments.—Mr. Buchanan, the Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says, will be nominated as Minister to England; Gen. Dix, of N. York, as Minister to France; Gayarre, of La., as Minister to Spain.

Law in Ohio, to Distrain on Banks.—The Ohio Legislature have passed a bill to amend the tax law, authorizing the County Auditors, in cases where Banks refuse to pay taxes levied on them, to enter said banks forcibly, and with crowbars, pickaxes, &c., break open the safes, vaults or other places where the money may be, and take the amount of tax claimed. The vote on the final passage was 20 yeas and 5 nays.

Health of Mr. King.—The oath of office was not administered to Vice President King, on the 4th instant. Mr. Rodney, the Vice Consul, visited Mr. King on the 3d, for the purpose of administering the oath on the following day, but Mr. King said he considered the ceremony unnecessary, fearing that he should never reach Washington to assume the duties of the office. If he should, however, he said the oath could be administered to him there. His friends who are with him encourage a hope that the salubrity of his present location may yet restore him to health.

Curious Marriage Lease.—An assault case came before the Birmingham magistrates last week, which, like the majority of matrimonial squabbles, would have been simply interesting in the eyes of those immediately concerned, ...

Africa.—We find, by a series of levellings recently carried across the Isthmus of Suez, that instead of there being a difference of ... feet between the level of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean, as has so long been believed, there is in reality little or none— ...

The New Three-cent Coin.—The publication of the recent Acts of Congress has just brought to light an interesting provision respecting the coinage of the three-cent pieces. ... nine-tenths fine, the same standard as the larger silver coins. ... they will circulate evenly together.

New Steamboat Law.—The first decision under the new Steamboat Law, has been made at Cincinnati, in the case of the collision between the steamers Falls City and the Pittsburg. ...

Erysipelas—Cranberries.—The New Haven Palladium records another case of the complete cure of this disease, by the simple application of raw cranberries, pounded fine. ...

Progress of the Sandwich Islands.— ...

"Doing Well at the Diggings."— ...

Reduction of Freight.—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have reduced the rate of freight on bacon, beef, pork, whiskey, lard and lard oil, to 50 cents per 100 lbs., from Pittsburg to Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Local News.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

TWO SISTERS BUTCHERED—HOUSE ROBBED AND FIRED.

...

Selected Poetry.

THE TABLE MOVEMENT.

Farewell to Waltz and Polka;
They are gowns by-gone for ever;
Whether fat dame really frightful,
Brothers blush and husbands frown
Up come dull proprietor,
Twin cause of anxiety
To mad the Waltz in Terpsichore Coventry, and put the Polka down.
Gents increasing abstinence,
Its loss is on the dancers—
Farewell to Waltz and Polka—their love we will not see;
For None will find something old
Or idle hands to do.

I note his finger in it,
Which, science other science,
Let us social circle,
Round a table made of pine
Each neighbor's hand exposing
On its passive neighbor showing,
My hand upon a lady's, and that lady's hand on mine:

That gateway to or Banner-to-force, which no one understands.
The smiles
Wooden tables
To be lifted—without hands.

There's a kind of out on party,
I remember, in September,
Which the tides of ocean raising
Lead to water on the shore,
And cold and white and quivering,
It lies in sunshine shivering,
And as the launch grows lumpy, it dissolves upon the sand

Into the circle celebrate
As we sat in sinners anyone.
I thought of those we parted—for soft hands that coldly lay.
Began to thrill, and swooning still,
But fair to mid-away.

As for my art is sometimes—
What would of swell! whatever
How down to the ridiculous.
How up to it o ridiculous!
What an end can life at yearning dog I live in
Almost dancing
Have a sense:
Should be on crowd.
Should be for its of to encourage into
What shudder-ing and creeping.
Why are some poor minds and dropping —
Yes, foreseen to What and Polka, are that lower was past, I know
How Satan will find something evil,
For the hands to do.

Selected Articles.

ETHIOPIAN MELODIES.

BY SAMUEL S. FISHER.

This is certainly a musical age—a day for the universal cultivation of sound. The lap of the nineteenth century, like Lavinia's dower, rains concert tickets at two and three hundred dollars' premium, has scarcely died away; scarcely has the mushy bosom upon that was enlivened by those who rented their home-tops, which were converted into orchestras on evenings of concert, which warbled one great songstress, and put fresh excitements fill the pages of our public journals, fresh extravagancies are demanded, and by our sober citizens, upon this all-engrossing topic, no wonder, and manifest, its contrivances, appear.

Nothing is so terribly misused in these United States of America as musical notes. They are whistled by Kentucky Whistlers, rung by Canadian drummed by Connecticut Drums, blown through bellows and Saxe horns, swelled through horns, thumped on tambourines, rubbed on washboards, and ground in barrel-organs; they are thrown upon the world by means of ladies, duos, trios, quartets, choruses and full orchestras; they have no rest day or night, but are ever on the go, resounding alike from the bottom of wells and the tops of chimneys; alike the savants of the public, whether as chemists, inventors, or political mass meetings.

While, in accordance with the expressive old sentiment of Old Uncle Ned, the world "owes the bear" appear, from the high price of provisions to have been "laid down" indefinitely; to disposition to "hang up the fiddle and the bow" is perceptible; or, if there ever was a time at which in their functions we are forgetful, it is evident that they have been taken down again, with a determination to make up for lost time, and a firm resolution that they shall suffer that disgrace no more.

An instance in point is the mania which are flooding all over the country in musical circles, cannot have failed to have distinguished among the fragments of "Nancy," and "Linda," and "The Last Rose of Summer," the notes of another class of melodies, which may be called, for want of which "The Old Folks at Home," and "Oh! Boys, carry me 'long!" are at present the popular representatives. Referring to the music store, we find the descriptive name of this class to be "Ethiopian Melodies." In referring to the walls and fences, we are further informed that they are the peculiar property of various Ethiopian, Ethiopean, New Orleans, or Virginia Serenaders, who in order to distinguish their heroes impartially, and avoid the danger of passing by some friend, if, in the old-fashioned way, they went from house to house in the still night, adopt a more convenient and profitable plan, by making themselves stationary, and inviting their friends and the general public to come and accompanied.

Whether the minstrel indeed took their rise in Ethiopia, as their name indicates, is somewhat doubtful, as that portion of the earth is marked upon the Geographical Atlas "unexplored." It is, however, generally supposed that they were brought to this country some time before the adoption of the article of the Federal Constitution prohibiting "the migration or importation of persons." And that since that time, until about twenty-five years ago, they have existed in comparative obscurity—somewhere South of Mason and Dixon's line.

About the year 1827 they read their appearance in the North, and for so far as the dark minstrel was listened to, away from his native corn-fields and tobacco plantations—that the character of the songs of that day was essentially different from the form under which they came before us at present. They were negro melodies—genuine negro melodies, such as had remained unchanged from generation to generation, as the red man bestowed everything that came in contact with it. For windows they have are calculated, but as they too are entirely, any one that desires to be entirely can only have secured a parse-ground ere since they were introduced to the public. Consequently, they are deservedly respected, and the shows plainly that they have common sense and correct appreciation of the fact that the decision upon the former intimations of people is equally as correct as that of the most cultivated to make them feel that although many engaged them in the estimate of others, the world of shadows remains unchanged. Yet, all the while, they are as conscious as the most cultivated ear gave them their present position in society.

A CURE BY THE "HAIR OF THE SAME DOG."

A friend gives us the following peculiar case in medical chemistry and its cure. A gentleman in this vicinity was excessively fond of the word and a wheel spoke made just enough for a man to ride.

His better half was a neat woman. She disliked tobacco, and especially did she dislike the accompaniment of a spit of it on the floor, or of a fireboard, where the gentleman was in the habit of throwing them. They were quite frequent customers, large and nasty. The gentleman himself was otherwise neat, and took pleasure in keeping his steadings in the best of order, parlor.

He finally finally determined to make the "old soldiers" in the corner as odious to him as possible, and the next day he gathered them together, and added all the cigar stumps he could find to difficulty in getting enough, as the gentleman still kept chewing large "plugs," and changed them often. He placed them in conspicuous places upon the beautiful fireboard. Then he went to the store and got a box of "king pins," composed of five of the largest and strongest cigars that could be had, usually sells in regular order. The whole were made to show to the best advantage, and they really were a splendid looking set of cigars, and the general appearance of a proper introduction.

Journal.

WHAT IS A JOKE?—Thackeray, in one of his lectures, said there were not so many ends in a joke as people think. He had three—a beginning, a middle and an end. If the reader will notice as through his definition of a "joke," and then look round upon the next joke he hears, he will find that it has only these three parts. The beginning is the start; the middle is the short, and the end is the point.

"A cook is that man or woman who are always pretending, before the world, to be something better than they really are, and who are always trying to make others believe the same. It is one who thinks his own position in life contemptible, and is always yearning and aspiring to force himself into one above, without the donation or characteristics which belong to it, one who hankers down upon despises, and over-rides his inferiors, or even equals of his own standing, and is ever ready to worship, lawn upon, and flatter a rich or titled man, not because he is a good man, a wise man, or a Christian man; but because he has the land, or is rich or consequential."

MANY VERSES ANTI-MASON.—A few days ago, two bricklayers, refreshing the "inner man," at noon, at the place where they were at work, got into discussion upon the merits of Free Masonry. Neither of them were members of the order, but Snooks, a mason, thought they knew considerable about it. While they were warmly expressing their opinions, one of them noticed that their bedcarrier, a genuine specimen of Ethiopia's race, was not acting, near them. Becoming very much interested in the discussion, so much so indeed, that his own bread and pickled pork lay upon the scaffolding untouched.

"Well," said he, to his brother laborer, "it is foolish in us to be discussing so warmly something we know so little about. If either were a Mason, there would be some sense in it."

"I know more about the Masons than you think I do," said Snooks.

"Pshaw! that's nonsense. There's Jack, the hodman, listening very attentively, and I should not be a bit surprised if he knows more about them than both of us. Jack!" he added, to the colored individual.

"Sar?"

"Do you know the difference between a Mason and an Anti-Mason?"

"Yes, sar, I belieb I does."

"Well, what is it?"

"If my brain tell de truf, an' 'it nebber fails, it *Means it do more what legs de matter, an' de Anti-Masons is de ones what carries de hod.*"—*Cincinnati Times.*

A GOOD OFF.—A young lady at the Odd Fellow's Festival last evening, was much annoyed with several artificial flowers about her person, when approached by a young man whose breath gave evidence of having imbibed a little too freely. He addressed her with:—"How—are—you—this—evening? Do you like the fragrance?" "If they *have not*," she replied, "they certainly will very soon come in contact with your breath."—*Lowell Courier.*

ISSAKE GERRIE.—An English author having become insane, was placed in a mad-house. Here he was visited by a friend, who, in a joking. One night being thus engaged by aid of a night lamp, a slight cloud passed over the moon, which, in the superstitious mind of the author, was a "sign of evil." He became excited, and exclaimed, "The stupid god, he has stolen it out."

Miscellaneous.

A PROPER INTRODUCTION.

How much trouble and embarrassment have been caused in this world for want of a proper introduction! Many a friendship has been formed introduced by a mutual friend, who, after the introduction, has been so tongue-tied that he cannot catch other in the best manner they can. Most probably neither of them understood the other's name. They have no topic for conversation; the silence is becoming embarrassing, and they are relieved when the bell rings for them desperately launches forth upon some subject of general interest, ardently espouses the cause of the opposite party, and they find, to their astonishment, that they have been talking with a perfect stranger.

In an introduction, even the mere name of the individual is important. Some attention should be made of the family of the person to whom you are about to be presented, his prospects, religion and politics, and any remarkable event that may have occurred in the course of his life should be known. Have this information ready observed, how many disagreeable consequences might be prevented, and how many serious quarrels would never have begun. We will now give a few instances of proper introductions:

"Allow me to introduce you to Colonel Clinton, a brave officer, rather peppery and touchy on the point of honor, who has received at least six hot shots in duels, and goes red hot against the Mexicans whenever he has an opportunity. Having all this, you are particularly cautious in any mention of the reigning powers, and thus escape all danger of the pepper and dueling preparation and bursting his fifth victim.

Again:—"Shall I present you to Mr. Fitzpatrick, a man of wealth, and a leader of the Democracy, but whose father was hung for murder? Then you can safely and easily avoid the topic from making any unpleasant allusion to a rope, by which you might unintentionally cause bitter mortification to the gentleman present.

You are walked up to an unobtrusing old lady upon whom you scarcely gave you and not waste a word or a moment of time. "Shall I take you accustomed with Mrs. Gillespie, the mother of Sarah Gillespie, who eloped with a 900 agency?" Your plan of operations is at once changed. You arrange to purchase a fan for the lady, bring your whole artillery of charms to bear upon her, compliment her upon her youthful appearance, speak of her daughter's absence, and their remembrance to their mother, and the game is your hands.

"Permit me to introduce you to Dr. Vanderfunk, a gentleman of great influence and learning, but of extreme eccentricities, and the inventor of a new comet. The best society of the village is now receiving his calls, and he is acceptably you make your selection of theme to be spoken and your wish that you could introduce him to your self-esteem—the learning and eccentricities of the inventor—will be sufficient to kindly but utterly preclude any penance that her act is clandestine or ill-considered. No one is necessary to be informed of the reason why where she does not love; but to wait a year or two for the answer to a letter that will be long in coming, and then to be informed that the lover has married another girl.

Example. Suppose the girth of a bullock to be 6 ft. 2 in.; length 5 ft. 6 in. The superficial area will then be 34 ft. 1 in. The cubical contents will be 18 ft. 9 in. in accordance with the preceding table which gives the weight 792 lbs.

Example. Suppose a pig to measure in girth 2 ft., and in length 1 ft. 9 in. There would then be 3 ft. 9 in. superficial, and 1 ft. 11 cubic 381 lbs. as the weight of the animal when dressed. In this way, the weight of the four quarters of any animal may be ascertained, during life.—*Boston Traveller.*

TERRA CULTURE.—This "discovery" of Professor Comstock's, is said to be as follows:—"There is no such thing as exhausting the soil of a farm!" calls the soul of life." This point is said to be their true. Comstock says that no matter what you raise—and you raise nothing but what you can—but—between cold and water." According to the learned professor, the atmosphere is so full of nitrogen, and so low in the ground, in regard to the soil, that the latter is always supplied with an inexhaustible fund of sustenance, exhaustible by no crop that can be raised. It is one true remarkable, that the ocean is the richest substance which, in its movement, has not a single particle of earth in it, and that the richest soil is that which has the most sand and loam. Down from the high lands beyond, and bearing. The earth becomes a fine, and gives of potash and lime, and fruit-trees at intervals, lest their fruit should be too large. Thus, in the course of a journey, the country were a mere garden. It was wilder and stranger than any thing we had seen. Sheep crags; bristling, rocky ridges of basalt, standing out boldly and ugly that I felt no desire to ascend them. Sometimes the road was a mere bridle path, and we had to dismount and lead our horses. Such a country as Dante would have chosen for the scene of his "Inferno."

THE WHALE.—The whale, having no air bladder, can sink to the lowest depths of the ocean. It is supposed that it can remain for an hour or more at the bottom of the sea. It is said to feed on fish, which it swallows whole. It is also said to feed on the bottom-covering of the sea, which it takes in with the water, and then forces out through the fringe of whalebone, which acts as a strainer, retaining the animal matter which it contains. The whale is said to be a very long-lived animal. It is said to be much lighter, and much less liable to injury, than a common sloop.

City Scenes.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

COMPLETE, (*to a Surrey.*)—Now, Operator, you can't say that I'm not right now!!!

DISGUSTED COLORED ARTIST.—Yes, sa! Certingly, sa!!!

[A lapse of five minutes is supposed to be decanted to the newspaper.]

COMPLETE, (*Aurorified.*)—Why, it's all off.

COLORED ARTIST, (*complacently.*)—Yes, sa! You said, 'Cut it right off!'"

Wit and Humor.

WATERLOO YARNS.

The world has been listening for years to stories of Waterloo; but it would seem that the supply was not yet exhausted, long after the public to our readers, "there are a few more left of the same sort." An individual who owned a small hotel in the neighborhood of Waterloo, questioned by visitors as to whether he did not make money out of the battle, and so immediately and so honestly answered in the negative. But he was very poor, and one day while lamenting his neighbors' ill luck in poverty, but the sensitive to the General Court, affirming with great emphasis, that he "would be d——d if a town letter calculated to represent its interests then Squire Jones." This was the same man who, before the battle, was a property of $200, 000 was their due from a bachelor uncle as a legacy, and, in the event of his death, was himself one her only child. It was her, without mistake.

It would have been a curious chapter to have noted down the sayings of their old acquaintance since it sank so small around their feet. Jonesea had such a fortune. Mrs. Smith said, "she always thought there was something above the common in Mrs. Jones, for her grandfather had always been social with her, and treated her lady-like." "But, mother," said Sophia, "you did warn me against associating with her daughters. You know you said they were awful—awful—awful!" "Why, my child, I did not say so, they are in reality very genteel, accomplished ladies, and I have no objection at all to your visiting them, *especially* as such a good fortune has happened to them."

Soon after the battle, Mr. Jones, a princely style of living. He built an elegant house, kept his carriage, lived servants, received a large appointment from the Governor as justice of the peace; the next year was first selectman of the town; and finally accepted the call to the Legislature, and was a great originality. Such was the happy possessor of the floor on which he had trodden. At the last advices, the fortunate farmers keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was then living in the cellar of the centre of a deep pit formed by selling the dirt on *which the house had stood*

In a clever volume of miscellanies, by the well known and witty Leon Gordon, there is an account of a visit he made, a few months ago, to the field of Waterloo; and he gives us in it many curious illustrations of French feeling. Our readers will recollect, told to one of the guides, as a fact which had come within his own special observation, is by no means bad:—An English traveller and an American traveller, ascended at the same time, the column of the Lion, to sight the vast panorama of the battle field. The same guide served for both. He commenced his recital with an explanation of the battle; but at length he could not avoid saying, "Here the French gave way!" "Here the Prussians charged!" "Here the English!" Upon which the American muttered, "*That's not true!*" The Englishman looked black, and the guide continued:—"Here the Americans!" "*That's not true!*" repeated the Englishman, who, in his turn, was obliged to finish again, and calmly turned up his cuffs. The guide proceeded to the Belgian lion, and, with a loud voice, announced a fact more glorious to the English than to themselves, but at length he became confused, and could only stammer out, "Here the—the—the—" "Here the Belgians!" exclaimed the Englishman, looking round for applause. "Here the French gave way!" continued the guide, determined that he would not be obliged to say, in the course of the day, that he had told a lie. Upon which the pointing the French were put to flight by the English cavalry." "*That's not true,*" repeated the American